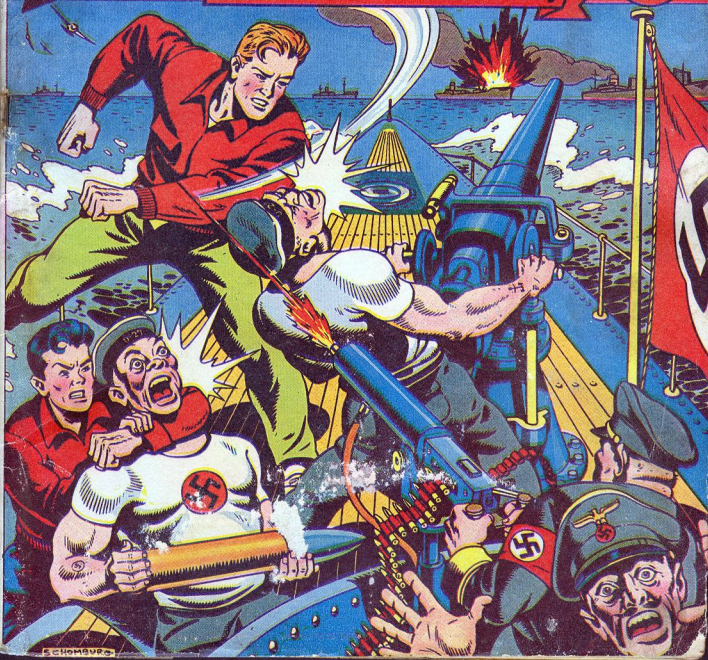


MARCH

Vol. 1 - #2  
**TERRIFIC**  
COMICS

LOADED WITH ACTION!

10¢







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



Drink a Toast to Our Armed Forces!

# NEW... EXCITINGLY DIFFERENT "DRINKING COMPANIONS"

for Readers of

**COO COO COMICS**

Patriotic . . . Unique . . . SO Different! You'll  
Want to Take Advantage of This Coupon  
Offer Now While Supplies Are Still Available

Just think! A matched set of six, best-quality, big 10-ounce  
Victory drinking glasses, and on a coupon offer so amazing  
it may never be duplicated.

What makes these glasses so amazingly unusual is the full color  
design, different on each glass, saluting each different branch  
of our armed forces . . . Army, Navy, Marines, Air Corps, Coast  
Guard and even the Defense Worker, ALL are "loasted" and  
honored. There are two illustrations on each glass. We have  
illustrated what you see from the front. You'll get a real kick  
out of the back view, when you turn the glass around. In good  
taste for young and old. So, readers, accept this coupon  
offer now, while this special arrangement is on.

You'll be glad you did!

IF YOU THINK YOU MUST PAY \$3, \$4,  
OR \$5 FOR SUCH UNUSUAL GLASSES  
Then You'll Be Delighted When You Read the Coupon

**SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL THE COUPON**  
INSPECT...USE...SHOW YOUR FRIENDS ON THIS NO-RISK OFFER

Be sure to mail your coupon today. When your set of 6 full-color Victory Glasses, toasting our armed forces, reaches you, give postman only \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. Consider them "on approval." See the excellent quality glass, the perfect shape. Note the safety chip-proof bevel edge. Most important, be happy with the vivid full-color illustrations, different front view and back view, toasting our armed forces. Use your set for 10 days, put them to every test. If you aren't 100% pleased beyond words, return the set and your money will be immediately refunded. Victory Glasses make every party a sure success, are ideal for everyday use, too. Timely, exclusive and such a wonderful coupon value, you'll be delighted. Readers, be the first in your set to Toast Our Armed Forces for Victory! Now, today, mail the coupon.

**MAIL  
COUPON  
NOW...**

See for Yourself

**MATCHED COASTER SET**

For prompt action in mailing the coupon, not  
only do you receive your set of 6 different full-  
color Victory Glasses at an amazing low price, but  
also you'll receive a set of 6 valuable and useful coasters,  
free of all extra charges. Don't wait. Mail coupon now.

MASON and CO., Dept. C 1  
154 E. Erie St., Chicago, Illinois

**NO-RISK  
10-DAY TRIAL  
OFFER**

Send me a set of 6 big 10-ounce illustrated Victory glasses and the  
free set of coasters. On arrival I will deposit with postman \$1.49 plus  
postage charges on the iron-clad guarantee that if I am not com-  
pletely satisfied, I may return the set of glasses and coasters in 10  
days for complete refund without question.

☐ MONEY ENCLOSED (If money with order, glasses come postpaid.)

Name.....  
(Print Name)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ **SPECIAL:** Send me 3 complete sets, with FREE coasters for \$3.49.  
(Due to the demand and our limited supply, only 3 sets may be  
ordered by one customer.)



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# KID TERRIFIC

and  
**JIMMIE**

THE NAZI BUTCHERS FROM BERLIN WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO ACCOMPLISH THEIR ENDS IN ATTEMPTING TO SABOTAGE AMERICA! KID TERRIFIC AND JIMMIE ENCOUNTER THE MOST RUTHLESS OF OPPONENTS AS THEY BATTLE THE FIENDS OF---

*the* CARNIVAL  
of TERROR!!



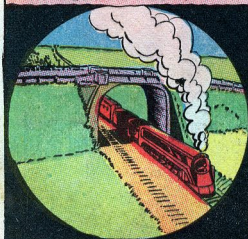
WE'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE A FEW DAYS, AND WAIT FOR THE NEW FREAKS WHO ARE COMING IN FROM NEW YORK!!

I SURE HOPE THEY WON'T BE LIKE THAT LAST BUNCH!



MEANWHILE--A CRACK PASSENGER TRAIN ROARS WESTWARD THROUGH THE NIGHT!!

AND INSIDE THE TRAIN, THREE MEMBERS OF THE CARNIVAL PROFESSION TALK--



THEY MUST WANT US PRETTY BADLY IF THEY PAY OUR FARE OUT THERE LIKE THIS!

WELL--THE SHOW'S STRANDED, AIN'T IT?--SHE NEEDS US!!

UNDERSTAND SHE'S A PRETTY NICE LOOKING GIRL!!



I'M GLAD I GOT THIS JOB!--I SURE NEED THE DOUGH!

ME TOO! MY WIFE AND KIDS GOTTA EAT!!

FUNNY, THOUGH, HOW THAT AGENT OFFERED US SO MUCH MONEY!--HE'S PAYIN' US TWICE WHAT WE USUALLY GET!

FUNNY FELLA, THAT AGENT!--WHAT WAS HIS NAME?

BLUMMER!--MAX BLUMMER!

HEY--WE MAKE A STOP AT THIS HICK TOWN!--LET'S STRETCH OUR LEGS!!



TEN MINUTES LATER--

BOY!--IS THIS A HICK BURG!

LET'S GET SOME COFFEE! WE'VE GOT A FIFTEEN MINUTE WAIT!



SUDDENLY--A FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE SHADOWS, AND--

MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU GENTLEMEN?

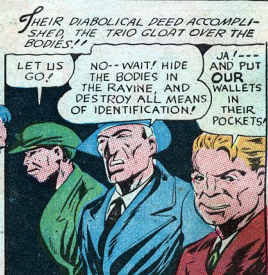


WHAT'S UP, BUD? WHAT D'YA WANT WITH US?

IF YOU'LL STEP THIS WAY,--I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING!!



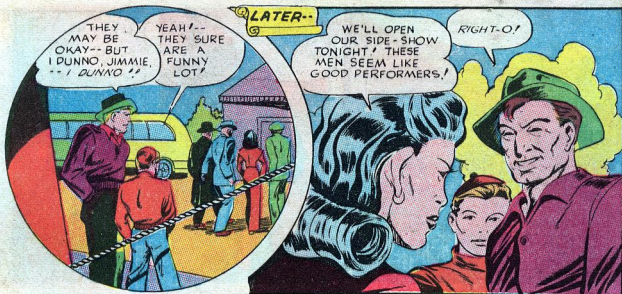




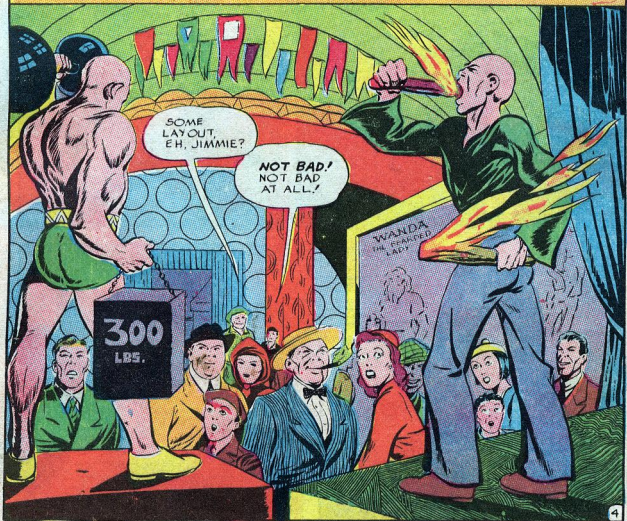
AND MINUTES LATER--THEY SIT IN THE VERY SEATS FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY THE CARNIVAL PERFORMERS---







THAT NIGHT, AMIDST THE GAITY AND GARISH TINSEL OF THE CARNIVAL, -- THE SIDESHOW AND CONGRESS OF FREAKS MAKES IT'S FIRST APPEARANCE --





AFTER THE EVENING SHOW--

NO! NO!-- IT  
YON'T VORK!  
--VE HAFF TO  
TAKE OUR  
TIME!

KARL ISS RIGHT!  
LET US PROCEED  
MIT CAUTION!

G-GOSH!



WOW! WAIT'LL  
KID TERRIFIC  
HEARS OF  
THIS!



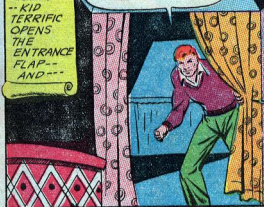
TALKIN'  
GERMAN?  
--THAT  
SETTLES IT!  
--LET'S GO!  
I WANNA'  
TALK TO  
THEM GUYS!

I NEVER  
LIKED  
THEM  
IN THE  
FIRST  
PLACE!



AT THE  
ACTOR'S  
TENT,  
--KID  
TERRIFIC  
OPENS  
THE  
ENTRANCE  
FLAP--  
AND--

HEY--YOU  
GUYS!-- I WANNA  
TALK TO YOU--



ABOUT WHAT  
DUMBKOPF??



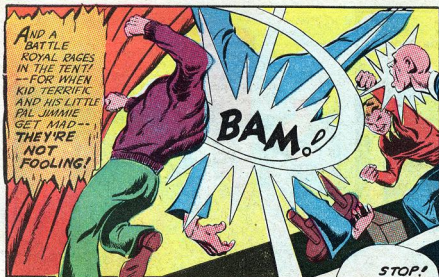
IF DATS  
DE WAY  
YOU WANT  
IT-- OKAY!

PEASANT!  
HOW DARE YOU  
INTERRUPT PERFORMERS!

OH! OH!  
HERE WE  
GO AGAIN!







AND A  
BATTLE  
ROYAL RAGES  
IN THE TENT!  
--FOR WHEN  
KID TERRIFK  
AND HIS LITTLE  
PAL JIMMIE  
GET MAD--  
THEY'RE  
NOT  
FOOLING!

**BAM!**

--AND IN THE TRAILER  
OFFICE NEARBY--

MY GOODNESS!!

**BANG!**

**CRACK!**  
**SOCK**

HI, MISS!--LOOK!!  
DESE GUYS IS NAZIS!

**STOP!**  
**STOP THIS**  
**INSTANT!**

RUNNING  
A CARNIVAL  
IS NO  
PICNIC!

**BOFF!**

**CRACK!**

**OOO-WAH!**

**BIFF!**

**OUCH!**

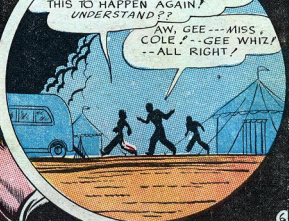


SINCE WHEN DOES A  
FOREMAN QUESTION  
THE ACTIONS OF  
PERFORMERS, AFTER  
HOURS??

WE WERE MERELY  
DISCUSSING OUR  
PERFORMANCES IN OUR  
NATIVE TONGUE!

NEVER MIND WHAT  
THEY ARE! THEY'VE  
GOT A JOB, AND THEY'RE  
DOING IT!-- I DON'T WANT  
THIS TO HAPPEN AGAIN!  
UNDERSTAND??

AW, GEE---MISS  
COLE!--GEE WHIZ!  
--ALL RIGHT!







GEE, --I FEEL LIKE AN AWFUL HEEL! SHE'S SUCH A SWELL GIRL---

YEAH--BUT I STILL FEEL THOSE GUYS ARE A BUNCH OF PHONIES!

MORNING--AND THE CARNIVAL PREPARES TO LEAVE FOR THE NEXT TOWN!



I'M SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT! LET'S FORGET IT! TODAY WE'RE SHOVIN' OFF FOR BURBANK!

GOSH!-- THAT'S WHERE THAT BIG AIRPLANE FACTORY IS LOCATED!

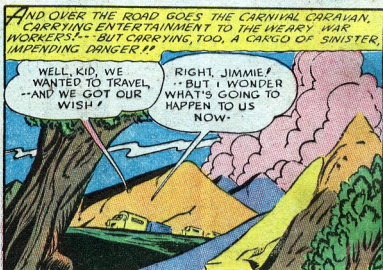
YEAH! THOSE WAR WORKERS SURE CAN USE A LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT!



BUT-- AT THAT MOMENT--

TONIGHT WE SHALL BE AT BURBANK! EACH OF US KNOW OUR INSTRUCTIONS! WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!--THE BODIES OF THE MEN WE KILLED HAVE PROBABLY BEEN DISCOVERED BY --JA! DO NOT NOW!!

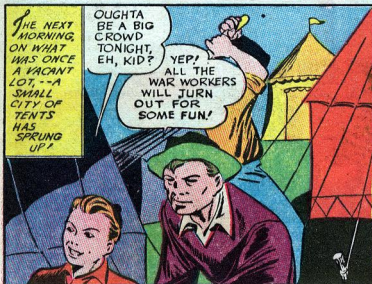
LIKE DOT KID TERRIFIC!



AND OVER THE ROAD GOES THE CARNIVAL CARAVAN, CARRYING ENTERTAINMENT TO THE WEARY WAR WORKERS!-- BUT CARRYING, TOO, A CARGO OF SINISTER, IMPENDING DANGER!!

WELL, KID, WE WANTED TO TRAVEL --AND WE GOT OUR WISH!

RIGHT, JIMMIE! --BUT I WONDER WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US NOW.



THE NEXT MORNING, ON WHAT WAS ONCE A VACANT LOT, --A SMALL CITY OF TENTS HAS SPRUNG UP!

OUGHTA BE A BIG CROWD TONIGHT, EH, KID?

YEP! ALL THE WAR WORKERS WILL TURN OUT FOR SOME FUN!

--AND AT THE SAME TIME

TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT!

JA! THEN OUR WORK WILL BE DONE FOR THE PRESENT!





**A STRENUOUS NIGHT AND DAY OF ACTIVITY;--AND THEN AT CLOSING TIME--**

WELL, -- WE HAD A FINE NIGHT, TODAY! GOOD NIGHT, BOYS! / SURE GLAD TO HEAR IT BOSS-- GOOD NIGHT! / YEAH!-- THAT'S SWELL! G'NIGHT!

OH! OH! THERE THEY ARE! WONDER WHAT'S UP? / LET'S FOLLOW THEM, AND FIND OUT!

YOU'RE SURE NO ONE SUSPECTS? / IMPOSSIBLE! THE GIRL PUT THOSE TWO SWINE IN THEIR PLACE! / OUR PLAN HAS GOT TO WORK!

THEY'VE GOT A CAR! / YEAH!-- THEY MUST HAVE RENTED IT IN BURBANK! LET'S FOLLOW 'EM IN MISS COLE'S CAR!

**AN HOUR LATER, OUR TWO FRIENDS WATCH AS THE SINISTER TRIO APPROACH THE GATES OF THE BURBANK AIRCRAFT COMPANY!**

HERE ARE OUR PASSES! YOU WILL FIND THEM IN ORDER!--WE'RE HERE TO ENTERTAIN THE NIGHT SHIFT!! / I'LL HAVE TO VERIFY THIS AT THE OFFICE!

YEAH, YEAH! IT'S OKAY! LET 'EM IN!

KARL! HANS! ERIC! GOOD YOU ARE HERE! COME, THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE!-- SOON THEY WILL DISCOVER THE DEATH OF THE NIGHT MANAGER! / LEAD US TO THE STAMPING ROOM!! QUICK! / HE LET 'EM IN! SOMETHING'S WRONG, JIMMIE! / --AND HOW!



**MEANWHILE--**

YOU GUYS ARE  
NUTS! THEY  
HAD THE PROPER  
PASSES WITH  
THEM!



THEY'RE  
**SPIES**, I  
TELL YOU!  
--NAZI  
AGENTS!!  
WE'VE GOT  
TO STOP  
THEM!



I STILL SAY  
YOU GUYS  
ARE CRAZY!  
--NOW GET OUT  
OF HERE, OR  
I'LL THROW YOU  
OUT!



I HATE TO DO  
THIS BUB--BUT LATER  
ON YOU'LL THANK  
ME FOR IT!



**HURRY!--** THE SHIFT IS  
CHANGING!-- YOU'VE  
GOT EXACTLY TWO  
MINUTES TO PLANT  
THE BOMBS!



JA!--AND THEN  
TO CLEAR OUTA'  
HERE **FAST!**

THIS IS THE ONLY  
PASSAGEWAY OPEN!  
-- C'MON!



RIGHT WITH  
YOU, KID!

WELL! WELL!  
**HOWDY!**



IT'S DER MEDDLING  
SNOOPERS AGAIN!  
**SHOOTT THEM!**



PUT THAT PISTOL  
DOWN, BUD--  
OR, I'LL **REALLY**  
HURT YOU!!





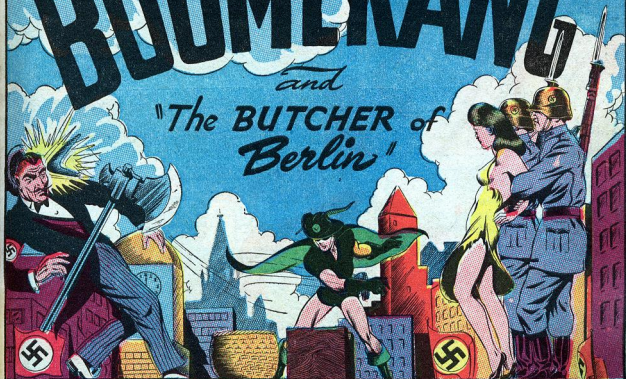


### THE NEXT DAY--



# BOOMERANG

and  
"The BUTCHER of  
Berlin"



## Introducing

BOOMERANG --- FEARLESS FIGHTER  
FOR THE U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE!... HIS  
JOB IS TO --- WE'LL READ ON, AND  
LEARN OF THE FIRST TERRIFIC EPISODE  
OF BOOMERANG, IN THE SAGA OF  
HITLER'S HEADSMAN!!

LBCole



U-2 - U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE  
TO:  
CAPT. LLOYD RALEIGH -  
PROCEED TO BERLIN  
AS ARRANGED, AND  
ELIMINATE HUGO  
DRUTZ!!

SIGNED  
Colonel Drake  
CHIEF OF STAFF

THE MILITARY  
WORLD DOES  
NOT KNOW  
THAT CAPTAIN  
LLOYD  
RALEIGH  
IS THE MUCH  
FEARED

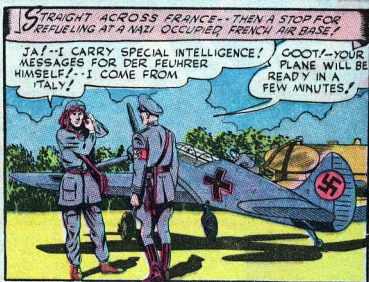
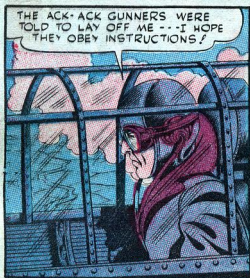
BOOMERANG!

YOU HAVE PLEDGED YOURSELF  
TO ERADICATE SCOURGES OF  
MODERN CIVILIZATION, HERE  
IS YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT!

RIGHT, SIR! ANY  
FURTHER  
INSTRUCTIONS?







HA!--ANOTHER  
ONE TO FEEL  
THE EDGE OF  
MY AXE!

NO! NO!  
DON'T LET  
ME DIE  
THIS WAY!

THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM  
IS FORCED TO KNEEL  
WITH HIS HEAD ON THE  
BLOCK!-- THEN--

AND A GROUP OF TERRIFIED  
PEOPLE WATCH FASCINATED  
BY THE MEDIEVAL DISPLAY OF  
HORROR!

KILLING  
IS MY  
BUSINESS!  
-- FOR DER  
FEUHRER!

AT THAT MOMENT A NAZI MAJOR IS SPEAKING  
OVER THE PHONE AT A BERLIN AIRFIELD!

HEADING DIS YAY? JA! GOOT! I VILL MAKE  
DER NECESSARY INVESTIGATIONS! I VILL  
FIND OUT WHO  
HE IS!

UPON LANDING IN BERLIN THE OCCUPANT OF  
THE MESSERSCHMITT IS USHERED INTO THE  
MAJOR'S OFFICE!

SO-- YOU SAY YOU ARE KURT  
BRUGNER, ON A SPECIAL MISSION  
FROM ITALY!-- HOW VERY  
INTERESTING!

WHY, SO, MEIN  
COMMANDANT!

BECAUSE, KURT BRUGNER WAS SHOT DOWN IN  
ENGLAND! HE'S IMPRISONED IN A BRITISH  
CAMP! YOU ARE AN IMPOSTER!  
SEIZE HIM!

AT LEAST I'LL HAVE THE  
PLEASURE OF PASTING  
YOUR STUPID FACE!

AMERICAN  
DOG?!

OOF!

BIFF



BOOMERANG IS THEN THROWN INTO A DUNGEON--TO AWAIT THE SAME FATE AS THE REST OF THE PRISONERS!



INSIDE, AMERICAN SWINE!  
YOU DIE BY THE HEADSMAN,  
TOMORROW!

HUGO DRUTZ IS THEN TOLD OF HIS LATEST VICTIM---

AN AMERIKANER, EH? DOT  
VILL BE A DOUBLE  
PLEASURE! I THINK  
I VILL GO DOWN TO DER  
DUNGEON, AND 'ER--  
INTERVIEW  
HIM!

HE IS A  
TOUGH MAN  
DRUTZ!



A FEW MINUTES LATER---

SUCH A PRETTY LITTLE BIRD!  
YOU CAN STILL HAVE YOUR  
FREEDOM, YOU KNOW --- IF--

TAKE YOUR  
HANDS OFF  
ME --! YOU  
FILTHY BEAST!

WHAT LUCK!  
THIS IS THE  
GUY I'M SUPPOS-  
ED TO KNOCK  
OFF!.. HE  
CERTAINLY  
DESERVES IT!

HEY--  
DRUTZ!

SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE  
SPOKEN TO, -- PIG  
OF AN AMERIKANER!

UGH!



ALL RIGHT, SO  
YOU SPOKE  
TO ME

OOOOOFF!

I COULD KILL YOU NOW, IF  
I PLEASE!..BUT, I SAVE IT  
TILL TOMORROW,-- YOU, I  
KEEP FOR LAST, I KNOW  
A FEW TRICKS---

THAT PUG HIT ME SO HARD  
MY HANDS ARE FREE,--  
HERE!--I'LL UNTIE YOUR ROPES  
AND YOU UNTIE ALL OF US!  
I'VE GOT AN IDEA---



IN A FEW MOMENTS THE FIVE VICTIMS ARE FREED OF THEIR BONDS!

HERE-- PUT ON THESE TOGS,-- YOU CAN GET AWAY IN THEM!-- I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO--

BUT-- WHAT WILL YOU WEAR ?



BOOMERANG! THIS IS A MIRACLE!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!-- AT ANY RATE-- OH, OH, HERE COMES THE GUARD!-- LISTEN-- FOLLOW THIS PLAN--



GUARD---I WONDER IF YOU WILL---

VOT ?--VOT DO YOU VANT--??



HERE'S WHAT I WANT DOPE!-- THE KEYS, AND THE GUN TOO!-- GRAB 'EM QUICK!

YES, BOOMERANG!



FROM A PRACTICED HAND, THREE BOOMERANGS SAIL THROUGH THE AIR WITH SKULL-CRACKING FORCE!

MINUTES LATER--

THAT GUARD IS OUT COLD!

OH, OH!-- HERE COME THREE NAZIS!-- JUST WHAT WE NEEDED FOR GUNS AND UNIFORMS!



HERE!-- TAKE THESE GUNS!-- GET OUT OF HERE!-- AND GOOD LUCK!--

WAIT!-- BOOMERANG!

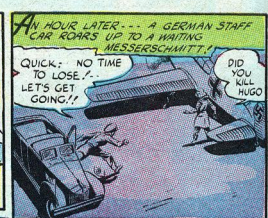
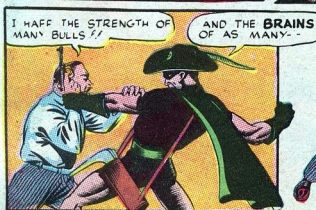


I AM A BRITISH AGENT. I'VE NOTHING TO LOSE-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR JOB IS, --BUT LET ME HELP YOU. PERHAPS WE BOTH CAN ESCAPE TOGETHER!

ALL RIGHT!-- THEN LISTEN-- GRAB A NAZI PLANE AT THE AIRPORT, --KEEP IT TUNED UP!-- I'LL SEE YOU IN AN HOUR!







# "COMICS" M'CORMICK

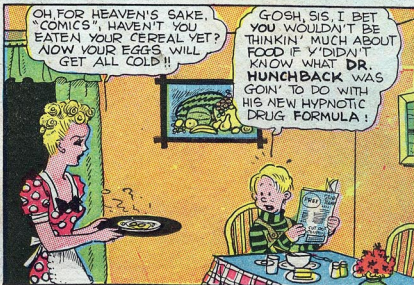
## HE DAYDREAMS ADVENTURE

BY Ed Wheeler -

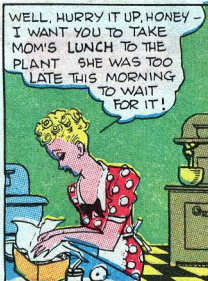
FOLKS, MEET THE WORLD'S NO.1 COMIC BOOK FAN, "COMICS" M'CORMICK, WHO CAN GO THRU ALL SORTS OF HAIR-RAISING, BLOOD-CURDLING EXPERIENCES WITHOUT EVER LEAVING HIS SEAT



AND NOW HERE'S OUR YOUNG HERO, SUPPOSEDLY EATING HIS BREAKFAST, BUT.....





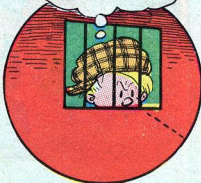


**MEANWHILE ...**

DR. HUNCHBACK DOESN'T REALIZE THAT I AM WATCHIN' HIS EVERY MOVE!



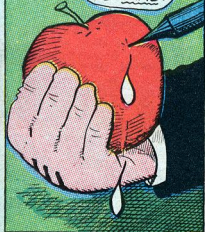
NOW HE'S TAKIN' OUT THE **APPLE** FROM MOM'S LUNCH AN' IS ABOUT TO INJECT A RARE ORIENTAL **DRUG** INTO IT!



HEH-HEH, WHEN MRS. MCCORMICK EATS THIS DRUGGED APPLE, SHE WILL BE IN MY HYPNOTIC POWER AND SOON...



THE **SECRET** OF THE "SECRET WEAPON" WILL BE **MINE!**



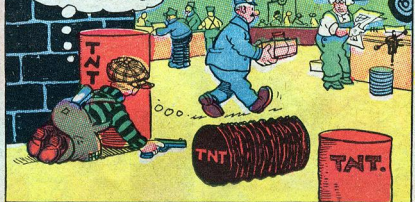
THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO CONTROL THE **WHOLE WORLD!**  
HEH-HEH-HEH !!!



OKAY, "DOC" - THE COAST IS CLEAR!



NOW I CAN CAPTURE DR. HUNCHBACK AN' THAT CROOKED GUARD, 'CAUSE MOM WILL HAVE THE EVIDENCE!



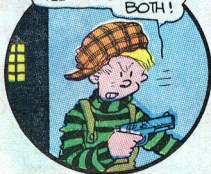
YOUR SON JUST BROUGHT THIS LUNCH BOX, MRS. MCCORMICK !!

WELL, BLESS HIS LI'L HEART! "COMICS" IS THE SMARTEST AND BRAVEST BOY THAT EVER LIVED !!





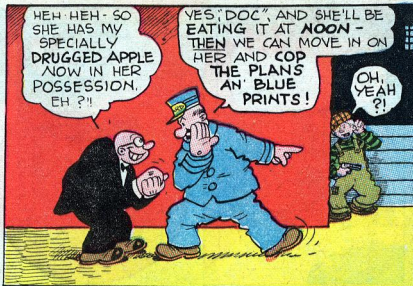
WELL, I'LL WARN MOM  
LATER BUT NOW I MUST  
FOLLOW THAT DOUBLE-  
CROSSIN' GUARD WHILE  
HE REPORTS TO DR  
HUNCHBACK - THEN  
I'LL ARREST 'EM  
BOTH!



HEH-HEH- SO  
SHE HAS MY  
SPECIALLY  
DRUGGED APPLE  
NOW IN HER  
POSSESSION.  
EH ?!

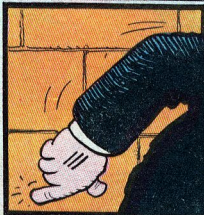
YES "DOC" AND SHE'LL BE  
EATING IT AT NOON -  
THEN WE CAN MOVE IN ON  
HER AND COP  
THE PLANS  
AN' BLUE  
PRINTS!

OH,  
YEAH  
?!



YOU AN' WHO  
ELSE ?!!

WITH A SUDDEN SWIFT  
MOVEMENT THE MAD  
DOCTOR PRESSES A  
HIDDEN SPRING-



AND THE HEAVY WALL  
SWINGS VIOLENTLY OPEN,  
THROWING "COMICS" OFF  
HIS FEET, AND THEN CLOSES.

QUICK - WE HAVEN'T  
A MOMENT TO LOSE!  
FOLLOW ME INTO MY  
SECRET SOUND-PROOF,  
BOMB PROOF  
LABORATORY  
!!!

OKAY, "DOC" BUT  
THAT KID IS BOUND  
TO FIND OUT WHERE  
WE WENT - I HAVE  
AN IDEA HE'S A  
JUNIOR UNDERCOVER  
AGENT !!

YOU  
SAID  
IT !!



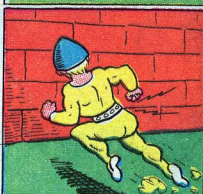
FRANTICALLY "COMICS" TRIES TO LOCATE THE HIDDEN SPRING. BUT IN VAIN ...



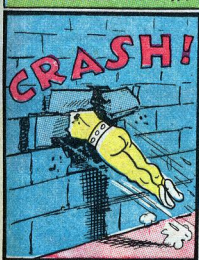
WELL, I CANT WASTE ANY MORE TIME - I'LL JUST HAVE TO BUST THRU THAT WALL!



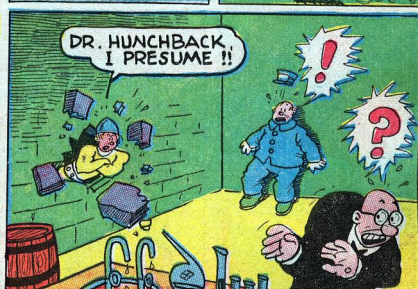
QUICKLY CHANGING INTO HIS CONCEALED BATTERING RAM SUIT WITH ITS POWER BELT ATTACHMENT, "COMICS" DASHES TOWARDS THE STONE WALL AND -



- SMASHES THRU IT.



DR. HUNCHBACK, I PRESUME !!



THE SOUND OF THE CRASH IS HEARD BY THE EMPLOYEES, AND MRS. MCCORMICK LOOKS UP IN ALARM.

GOOD GRIEF, -WHAT WAS THAT?

QUICK - HIDE THE PLANS !!

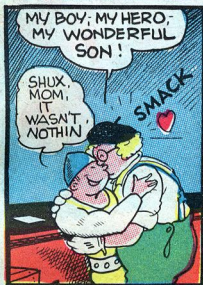
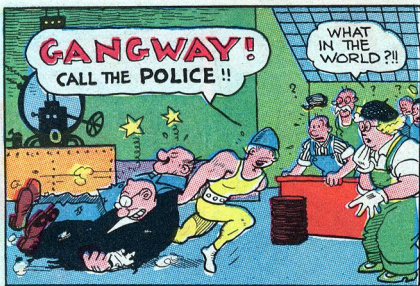
LOOK, -HERE COMES SOME ONE NOW!



WHY, IT'S MY OWN SON, "COMICS" MCCORMICK, BUT WHO ARE THOSE TWO WRECKS WITH HIM?







BACK THE  
ATTACK!

BUY WAR  
BONDS  
and  
STAMPS

*today!*

FOLLOW THE TERRIFIC  
ADVENTURES OF THE  
KING OF THE SKYWAYS, IN

CAPTAIN

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# TERRIFIC COMICS

STARRING  
"KID TERRIFIC"  
HE PACKS A WICKED WALLOP  
THAT GIVES PUNCH TO THIS  
NEWEST THRILL-A-MINUTE  
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✓ INTRIGUE!

✓ MYSTERY!

✓ ADVENTURE!

Featuring THE "GREY MASK"  
THE "TRACKER"—AND A  
BIG ASSORTMENT OF  
GRIPPING ACTION STORIES





# Molly O'Moore

and SCOOP SCANLON

meet  
"THE MAN FROM LIMEHOUSE"



MOLLY O'MOORE,  
AND SCOOP  
SCANLON ARE OFF ON  
ANOTHER PERILOUS  
ADVENTURE! FOLLOW  
OUR TWO MADCAP  
REPORTERS, AS THEY  
BATTLE THE MOST  
UNUSUAL VILLAIN OF  
ALL TIME!! ---  
THE MAN FROM  
LIMEHOUSE!!

OUR STORY OPENS WITH MOLLY UP  
TO HER OLD TRICKS, --TELEPHONING  
YOUNG JIMMIE BLAIN, OFFICE BOY  
AT THE DAILY WORLD-STAR!!

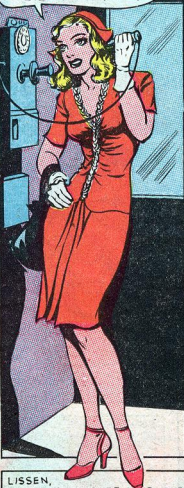
OH, COME ON --  
JIMMIE-- SWITCH  
ME IN ON THE  
CONVERSATION!  
-- BE A GOOD  
LITTLE BOY!

POOR LITTLE JIMMIE IS  
THE GO-BETWEEN FOR THE  
PAIR OF RIVAL NEWSPAPER  
REPORTERS!!

--AW, GEE, MOLLY--- HE'D KILL  
ME IF HE EVER KNEW I BROKE IN  
ON HIS CONVERSATION!--HE'S  
TALKIN' TO THE POLICE  
COMMISSIONER--  
WHAT??



THAT'S RIGHT--I'LL GET YOU TWO TICKETS TO THE CARR-NORRIS FIGHT--- AND I THINK I CAN PERSUADE MY SISTER TESSIE TO GO WITH YOU!---NOW, WILL YOU CUT ME IN ON THE CONVERSATION?



GOSH---THIS AIN'T BEIN' VERY LOYAL -- BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE **THAT FIGHT!!** --AND WITH TESSIE O'MOORE, TOO -- GEE !!



**THREE MINUTES LATER,** AN EXCITED MOLLY DASHES OUT OF THE PHONE BOOTH!

**WOW!!** RICKIE CONNOVER IS DEAD!--WHAT A SCOOP! THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN MY PLAYMATE SCANLON ISN'T GOING TO BEAT ME TO THE PUNCH!!



---AND AT THE SAME TIME-- THE MASTER LORDS OF GANGDOM MEET IN SOLEMN CONCLAVE

YEAH--SO CONNOVER'S RUBBED OUT!-- BUT, GOOD RIDDANCE I SAY!--I DUNNO WHO DID IT, --BUT HE OUGHTA GET A MEDAL FOR IT!!



IS THAT WHAT YOU GOT US UP HERE FOR?? TA LISSEN TA YOU GAS ABOUT THAT PUNK? WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND ORLANDO?

LISSEN, GUYS-- CONNOVER HAD EVERY PAYIN' RACKET IN CHINATOWN TIED UP TIGHT! NOW THAT HE'S GONE, THERE'S NO SENSE IN US KNOCKING EACH OTHER OFF, TRYIN' TA TAKE OVER HIS TERRITORY!-- LET'S **DIVIDE** IT, -- AN' STICK SOMEONE DOWN THERE TA RUN IT FER US!

WHO CAN WE GET? YOU KNOW HOW WE TRUST EACH OTHER!



EVER HEAR OF **LIMEHOUSE LANGDON?**

--HE'S THE TOUGH ENGLISH CROOK THAT BUMPED OFF A SCOTLAND YARD MAN, AND THEN SCRAMMED TO AMERICA!-- WELL--I KNOW WHERE HE IS !! HOW ABOUT GETTIN HIM??

SOUNDS OKAY TO ME!

LIMEHOUSE IS A GOOD RACKET MAN!









RIGHT THIS WAY MISS!

I CAN'T START AN INVESTIGATION ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!--I HOPE SCOOP SHOWS UP!

**BUT THE EYES OF GANGLAND ARE MANY---**

YEAH, THAT'S HER-- MOLLY O'MOORE, THE ONE THAT WROTE THAT STORY IN TODAY'S CHRONICLE!

NOT A BAD LOOKING CHICK!-- WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?

MISS MOLLY O' MOORE--? MAY WE JOIN YOU FOR A MOMENT!

YEAH--WE READ YOUR ARTICLE TODAY, AND THOUGHT WE'D LIKE TO HELP YOU!!



HELP ME, HOW??

WE THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO MEET THE **NEW** LEADER OF THE CHINATOWN TERRITORY!

OF COURSE, IF YOU'RE--ER-- AFRAID----

**AFRAID?** --SINCE WHEN IS A CHRONICLE REPORTER AFRAID? --SURE, I'D LIKE VERY MUCH TO MEET HIM!

O.K.--O.K! NO ONE SAID YOU'RE AFRAID!-- LET'S GET GOING!

CHANCES ARE HE'LL WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOU---

YEAH, YOU WON'T FIND HIM HARD TO GET ALONG WITH!

IT'S O.K. BOYS, ONLY HED BETTER NOT TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF!---YOU KNOW THE PRESS IS A DANGEROUS BUSINESS TO FOOL AROUND WITH!



**AND HALF AN HOUR LATER, SCOOP ARRIVES IN THE CHINESE RESTAURANT---**

THAT'S FUNNY--SHE NEVER LET ME DOWN ON A DATE BEFORE!-- --I WONDER WHERE SHE WENT!--



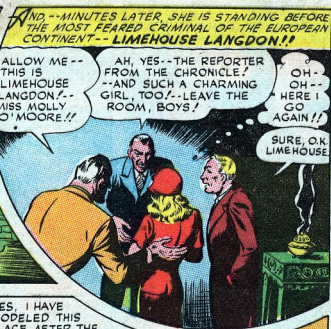




YOU'LL EXCUSE US IF WE HAVE TO GO IN SUCH A ROUNDABOUT WAY!!

YEAH--YOU MUST UNDERSTAND SUCH THINGS!

ANYTHING FOR A STORY-- THAT'S ME!



ALLOW ME -- THIS IS LIMEHOUSE LANGDON!-- MISS MOLLY O'MOORE!!

AH, YES--THE REPORTER FROM THE CHRONICLE!-- AND SUCH A CHARMING GIRL, TOO!-- LEAVE THE ROOM, BOYS!

OH-- OH-- HERE I GO AGAIN!!

SURE, O.K. LIMEHOUSE



MEANWHILE--

YES--MR SCANLON, SHE LEFT WITH TWO MEN--I THINK THEY'RE A COUPLE OF GUINO ORLANDO'S EAST SIDE MOB! THEY WALKED STRAIGHT UP HAMPSTEAD STREET!

ORLANDO'S MOB? THAT MEANS THEY MUST BE OVER AT CONNOVER'S OLD HEADQUARTERS ON DEANE STREET! ORLANDO WAS IN CAHOOTS WITH CONNOVER!--THIS IS BAD!



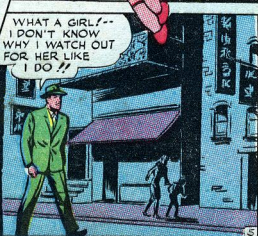
YES, I HAVE MODELED THIS PLACE AFTER THE ONE I HAD IN LIMEHOUSE, LONDON.--WHERE I WAS TRULY AN INFLUENTIAL PERSON!

REALLY? --ER-- WHY DID YOU LEAVE?



ON ACCOUNT OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LIKE YOU!! SHE MADE ME KILL A MAN!-- UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS A SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVE!

GOSH, HOW I WISH SCOOP WAS HERE!-- I'LL NEVER PLAY HIM ANOTHER DIRTY TRICK AS LONG AS I LIVE!!



WHAT A GIRL!-- I DON'T KNOW WHY I WATCH OUT FOR HER LIKE I DO!!

AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, GUINO ORLANDO SPEEDS TO KEEP AN IMPORTANT RENDEZVOUS WITH LIMEHOUSE LANGDON!!

THINGS ARE WORKING OUT ALL RIGHT SINCE THIS AFTERNOON, RICO!!- LANGDON TOOK OVER THE JOB, JUST THE WAY I FIGURED HE WOULD!!

HOW ABOUT THAT GIRL REPORTERS STORY ON WHO'S GONNA BE THE NEXT KING OF CHINA-TOWN?--THAT'S BAD BUSINESS!!



THE RIVAL NEWSPAPER MAN SWINGS INTO ACTION, -- BUT JUST THEN --

MOLLY! MOLLY!

HEY!!--GUINO! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO BREAK INTO THE JOINT.



INFURIATED AT SEEING MOLLY BOUND AND HELPLESS, THE VALIANT YOUNG REPORTER WADES INTO THE ASTONISHED TRIO!



BAD BUSINESS IS RIGHT, FOR AT THAT MOMENT--

LET'S STOP BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH!-- YOU DIDN'T COME DOWN HERE FOR ANY PLEASURE JAUNT! -- WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ANYHOW?

N-N-NOTHING! I JUST CAME DOWN FOR A CHOP SUEY DINNER!



OUTSIDE, SCOOP HEARS A FAMILIAR VOICE --



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER--

WHAT A HAPPY PARTY! -- THESE PUNKS ARE DANGEROUS. LIMEHOUSE!!

WELL WE KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH DANGEROUS BLOKES, ORLANDO!

SCOOP! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE!



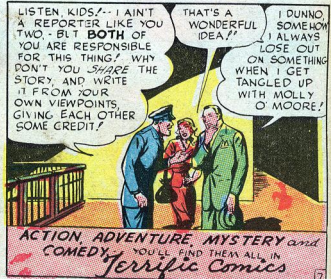
BUT THE WILY ENGLISHMAN IS READY FOR SUCH GOINGS ON!!

SO? YOU WANT TO MAKE IT DIFFICULT FOR YOURSELF, EH?

YEAH JUST THAT!!-- YOU CUTTHROAT!









# "MOUSEY"



AFTER A TERRIFIC GUN BATTLE, IN WHICH DOMINIC'S MOB WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY RUBBED OUT--TERRY MOORE AND MURPHY, PICKED UP A DAZED LITTLE FIGURE OF A MAN FROM THE FLOOR!----WITH SOME INHERENT SYMPATHY FOR THIS WOEBEGONE CREATURE, WITH HIS FUNNY OLD FASHIONED CAP-- THE TWO HARD BOILED COPS TOOK HIM TO THE HOSPITAL, WHERE HE SIGNED A PAPER, TURNING STATES EVIDENCE AGAINST THE DOMINIC CRIME RING---

A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE TERRIFIC MACHINE GUN FORAY ---





OUR STORY STARTS WITH MOUSEY  
RECOVERING IN THE HOSPITAL---

TWO GENTLEMEN  
FROM THE POLICE  
DEPARTMENT, MR.  
MOLLOY!

POLICE DEPARTMENT?  
TELL 'EM I'M--OH,  
ER-- MUST BE MY  
FRIENDS!?

IT'S TERRY AND  
MURPHY!-- HI, YA  
FELLERS!-- THE  
DOC SAYS I'LL BE  
GETTIN' OUT TOMORROW!  
-- AND DON'T YOU  
WORRY ABOUT ME!  
FROM NOW ON, I'M GOIN'  
STRAIGHT!?

GLAD TO  
HEAR IT,  
MOUSEY!

ME TOO!

THE FACT THAT YOU  
TURNED STATES  
EVIDENCE LET'S YOU  
OFF SCOT FREE!?  
-- DOMINIC AND  
HIS MOB ARE PUSHIN'  
UP DAISIES!

GEE!-- AIN'T  
DAT GREAT!?

-- BY THE WAY,  
-- WE GOT YOU A  
JOB AS A BUTLER IN THE  
VAN CLEMENT'S FIFTH AVENUE  
HOME!

BUTLER?

I AIN'T NEVER BEEN A BUTLER,  
-- BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE,  
T'ANKS A LOT FELLERS!

NEXT DAY AT THE VAN  
CLEMENTS MANSION--

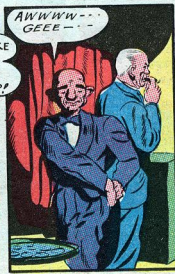
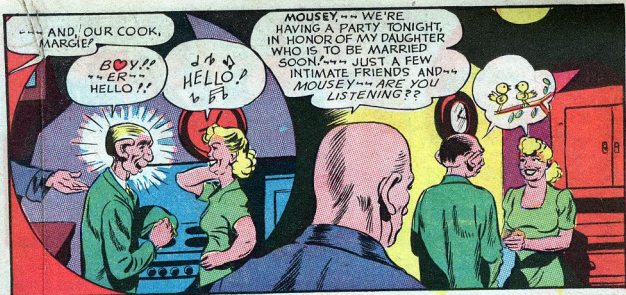
I'M MOUSEY!  
-- DEY SAID  
I WAS SUPPOSED  
TO COME HERE--

YES,  
-- COME  
RIGHT IN  
MOUSEY!

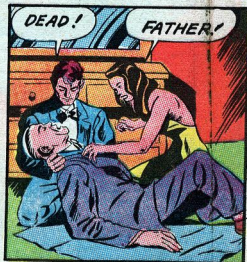
HERE'S YOUR  
ROOM-- AND  
THERE'S YOUR  
UNIFORM--

T'ANKS!









SAY, WHERE WERE YOU DURING THESE MURDERS?

ME? WHY, I--WAS--

"HE WAS IN THE KITCHEN ALL THE TIME --- WITH ME!"

THRU HIS BALLISTICS TRAINING, MURPHY FINDS A CLUE--

TERRY,--BOTH MURDERS WERE COMMITTED WITH THE SAME GUN!

BUT--ONLY ONE SHOT WAS FIRED FROM THIS ONE!

HMMMM--

MISS VAN CLEMENT-- DO YOU KNOW IF THIS GUN WAS FULLY LOADED THIS MORNING?

WHY-- ER--

DID YOU HEAR THAT, TERRY?? AFTER THE KILLER SHOT TOMMY REYNOLDS, HE HAD TO USE A FRESH CLIP-- BECAUSE THE GUN WAS EMPTY!

EVERYONE IN THIS HOUSE IS TO BE FINGERPRINTED! HEY--WHO'S THIS???

-- YES!-- THIS MORNING DAD SHOT AT A RABBIT IN THE GARDEN!-- HE SAID --"I FIRED FOUR SHOTS AT THAT PESKY ANIMAL, AND DIDN'T EVEN HIT HIM!"

YOU'RE RIGHT, MOUSEY! THE CLIP IS COVERED WITH THE KILLER'S PRINTS!

YES MR. MOORE,-- I HAVE THE GUN NOW! -- AND I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!! YOU CAN GUESS WHO THE MURDERER IS--EH?

HARVEY REYNOLDS!



---BUT WHY  
MR. REYNOLDS?  
--- YOUR OWN SON?  
--- AND MY FATHER WAS  
YOUR BEST FRIEND!

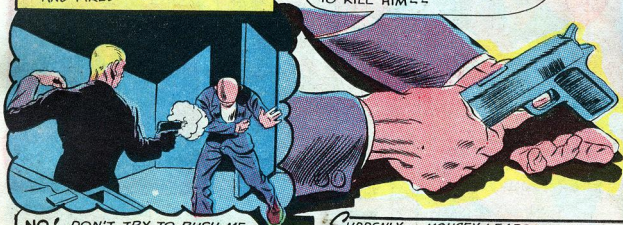


I WAS JUST RETURNING THE GUN  
WHEN VAN CLEMENT CAME INTO  
THE ROOM!-- UNDER THE  
CIRCUMSTANCES, I HAD TO ACT  
QUICKLY!-- I GRABBED A  
FRESH CLIP FROM THE DRAWER  
AND FIRED---

TOM'S REAL FATHER DIED AND  
LEFT HIM IN MY CARE! WHEN  
HE FOUND OUT I HAD MIS-  
APPROPRIATED THE FUNDS HE WAS  
TO RECEIVE ON HIS WEDDING  
DAY-- HE WAS GOING TO EXPOSE  
ME!-- I HAD TO KILL HIM---



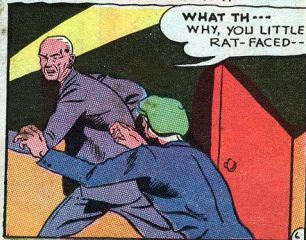
I WIPED OFF MY FINGERPRINTS  
AND PLACED IT IN HIS HAND!  
--- I REALLY DIDN'T MEAN  
TO KILL HIM---



NO! DON'T TRY TO RUSH ME  
COPPER!-- YOU FORGET,  
THAT EVEN IF I HAVEN'T GOT  
THE CLIP--- THERE'S STILL  
A BULLET LEFT IN THE  
CHAMBER!!

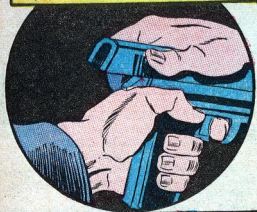


SUDDENLY,-- MOUSEY LEAPS AT THE  
UNSUSPECTING MURDERER!



WHAT TH---  
WHY, YOU LITTLE  
RAT-FACED--

**MOUSEY SHOVS THE MAGAZINE  
OF THE AUTOMATIC BACK,  
PREVENTING IT'S FIRING---**



**WITH A HEAVY VASE, TERRY PUTS  
REYNOLDS TO SLEEP---**



**CONGRATS, MOUSEY!  
-- THAT JOB TOOK  
STEEL NERVES!!  
YOU'RE REALLY  
OKAY!**

**AAAAW!  
-- IT WASN'T  
NOTHIN'!**



**OH TERRY?--I'M  
ALL ALONE!**

**NOT WITH  
ME YOU'RE  
NOT BABY!**



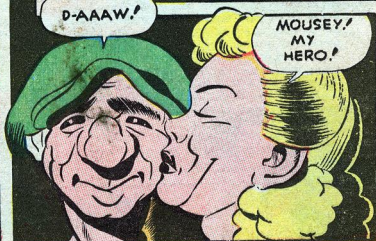
**OH TERRY!**

**TSK!  
TSK!**



**D-AAAW!**

**MOUSEY!  
MY  
HERO!**



*another ADVENTURE WITH MOUSEY  
APPEARS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
Comics*





# "THE MAKING of A HERO"

by  
Howard Olson



Billy Williams was fourteen, red-headed and far from being shy. He was always trying to show off in front of Madeline Hadley. Madeline, truthfully, was the prettiest and most popular girl at the Horace Mann School. Her eyes were deep brown and dancing; and her long black hair had a series of soft rolls just like older girls.

Madeline was a year younger than Billy.

At recess, when everyone used to gather in the play-yard to have their morning lunch, Billy was always up to some new and tricky stunt to attract Madeline's attention. One day it would be walking along the thin high railing on top of the school fence; another time he would be walking on his hands in front of the group of girls with Madeline. She used to blush when the other girls would say, "Go on — smile at him. He wants to be your feller."

Madeline was very aloof—but she wasn't "stuck-up." She was a pretty girl, and knew it. She secretly thought that Billy Williams was a swell boy, but didn't want to tell him, or let him know. Billy didn't wear smart clothes and have lots of pocket money like Lowell Mason. Lowell's father owned the biggest real estate office in town, and promised his son an automobile on his sixteenth birthday.

Billy came from another part of town called "The Line," and had several brothers and sisters all younger than he. His father worked in the Beacon Coke Works, and would come home every night very tired, and very dirty. Madeline's father had a good job in Lowell's father's office, and wanted Madeline to become better acquainted with his employer's son.

On this particular day, Lowell came over when Madeline was talking to the girls, and offered her one of the ice-cream cones he was carrying. Several of the other boys, including Billy were looking on.

"That big sissy," remarked "Boo-Boo" Al-drich. All he wants to do is hang around the girls!"

"Inky" Meyers nodded. "Yeah. And look—he's giving Madeline Hadley one of 'em—Why don'tcha go over an' sock him, Billy?"

Billy glared at him red-faced.

"If you don't button your lip, I'll sock you," he said. "Why don'tcha mind your own business. She ain't my girl!"

"Boo-Boo" laughed. He was bigger and much heavier than Billy.

"Ho-ho-ho," he jeered. "Look what's talkin'! After all those handsprings and cartwheels to make her take notice of you, look what's talking!"

Billy glowered. To have one of his bunch admit having a girl, was like trying to pull an elephant through a knothole. Sure he liked Madeline. But how could he talk to her? He never had pocket money, and his clothes showed plenty of patches. But, Lowell Mason—

Billy gritted his teeth. He resolved that some day he would make a million dollars, and come back in a big white automobile with a white suit and when Madeline would stand on the outside of the crowd that would be admiring him, he'd tip his hat gravely to her, and say "How do, Miss Hadley"—and walk away with his friends to a gay evening, leaving her standing on the sidewalk all alone.

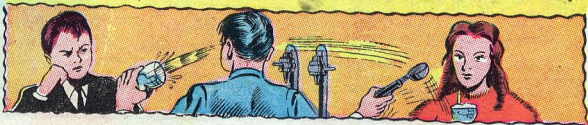
That afternoon, he watched Lowell Mason carry her books home for her. Once he said something funny and she laughed in that musical way of hers, and smiled in his face.

When Billy finished his homework that night, he said to his father: "Pop — I want to go to work afternoons after school."

His father shook his head from behind his paper. Great blue clouds of pipe smoke arose from Mr. Williams' huge pipe. Billy's mother sat nearby darning stockings.

"Nothing doing," his father said. "You don't HAVE to work. I earn enough money to support my wife and kids—"

Billy was insistent. "But Dad," he said. "I ain't a little kid anymore. Gee—a feller's got



to have some money in his pockets when he's out with the boys. Gosh—I—"

"Billy's right, Tom," his Mother said. "We can't afford to give him money, and if he can get some kind of work after school, I think it will teach him the responsibility of money...."

Billy put his arm around his mother's neck. "Dear, sweet Mom," he said kissing her forehead. "You're the best Mom a feller ever had in the world."

She patted his arm. Mr. Williams grunted. That grunt was usually a sign of defeat for him.

The next few days were busy ones for Billy. First of all, Mr. Kimball, who owned Kimball's Drug Store, hired him to work every afternoon in his store from 2:30 to 6:30. And for this treat of being able to stay in this veritable fairyland of sodas and candies, he was to receive seven dollars a week! Seven dollars a week all for himself! He resolved right away, to give one-half of it to his mother every week.

The days flew by. Every night he would come home, have his supper, do homework, and tumble off to bed, a very tired young man. In school, he was a different person. His manners changed. Instead of the old carefree Billy with his show-off manners, he became a new person, fully aware of his new responsibility. Now and then, when he saw Madeline, he would gravely smile and walk on.

Once he met her walking with Lowell Mason. They all said hello and passed by. When Billy was out of earshot Lowell said to Madeline: "That little wise guy has calmed down. Ever since he got that job pushin' a broom around in Kimball's Drug Store, he's a big shot!"

Madeline shrugged. "He's earning some money for himself," she said. "At least he WORKS for his."

Lowell reddened. His attempt to compare himself with Billy had failed miserably.

One afternoon around 4:00, while Billy was behind the soda fountain straightening up the syrup jugs, Madeline came in and perched herself on one of the high stools.

For a moment Billy's knees turned to water. He suddenly felt like an actor on a brilliant stage with a critical audience. Mr. Kimball was mixing a prescription in the back room. He looked out from behind the door.

"Hello, Madeline! Take care of Madeline, will you, Billy?" he asked.

With trembling hands Billy began fishing for the proper things to make up a banana split.

Why did she have to have a banana split, he wondered? He knew where everything was, but with her looking at him and smiling so entrancingly, he just couldn't seem to find anything.

Somehow, he managed to prepare the delicacy for her. When it was finished, it had two bananas, five scoops of ice-cream, several kinds

of fruit syrup and half a dozen cherries. Nevertheless, Madeline ate it. Looking from behind his prescription room window, Mr. Kimball laughed to himself. "Young ones haven't changed in fifty years," he said. "There goes the profit of that banana split."

Madeline smiled at him when she went out. "Thanks, Billy," she said. "It was wonderful—bye—"

He took her quarter, exchanged it for one of his own and carried it around with him for days. Then he got it mixed up with other quarters, and was never able to tell the difference.

A dark, heavy-set man came in the store on Saturday night when Mr. Kimball was ready to close up. It was eleven o'clock and Billy was there. He had been out with the fellows, and stopped by to see Mr. Kimball on the way home. His mother wanted a hot-water bag and Mr. Kimball had promised to get it for Billy at cost.

The man ordered a coke. Billy was in the back room wrapping his package. Suddenly he looked up horrified to see the man levelling a gun at Mr. Kimball.

"Dis is a stick-up," he said. "Fork over dat dough, or I'll drill ya. And I ain't kiddin' either!"

He didn't see Billy. The boy let his hand slide over the prescription desk and came in contact with a heavy paper-weight. He closed his fingers around it.

Mr. Kimball was fumbling at the cash register. All the day's receipts were in there, and it represented a tidy sum of money.

Billy always used to play pitcher in any ball game he was in. He came swiftly, into view, and hurled the paper weight with a steady true aim. It caught the man directly on the arm, and the gun flew out of his hands. Billy made a dive for the weapon as the man howled with pain. It was the first time the boy ever held a real gun in his hand, loaded with real bullets. Something in Billy's eyes made the man keep his hands high, while Mr. Kimball phoned for the police.

The whole town heard of it, and they were proud. Mr. Kimball gave Billy a twenty-five dollar bonus, and a three dollar raise. All the gang called Billy a "Hero." He was lionized at school. Every recess he would relate the episode over and over again to his wide-eyed school-mates.

One day he met Madeline as he was going to the store. She had stepped in a doorway to primp and smooth her hair, and bit her lips to make them red. She stepped out, as he approached.

"Hello, Billy," she began coyly. "I was just going to—"

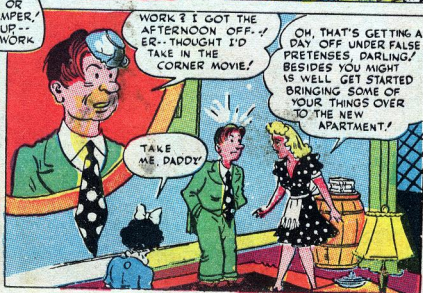
"Hello, Miss Hadley," he answered gravely, and kept right on walking.

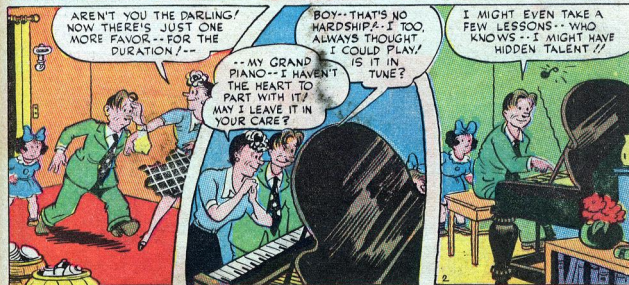
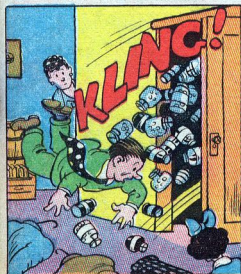
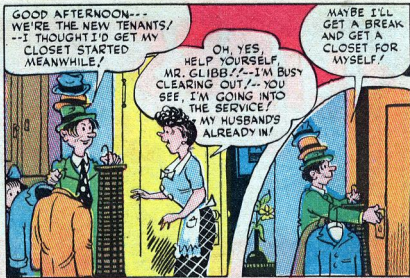
The girl looked after him, astonished.

"Gee—fellows SURE are funny—" she said.

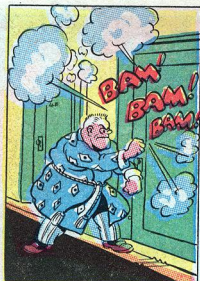


# The GLIBBS









LOOK/--I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE WITH YOU-- BUT THAT PIANO PLAYIN' IS GOTTA STOP SEE--FER THE DURATION--I LIVE NEXT DOOR/--I WORK NIGHTS--THE WIFE WORKS DAYS-IN DE SHIP-YARD-- GET IT?

WHAT'S DAT? --SOUNDS LIKE SARCASM!--WANNA MAKE SOMETHING OF IT? --STEP OUTSIDE! NOW, NOW, TARZAN, TAKE IT EASY. WE'VE GOT TO BE NEIGH-BORLY!

OH, SURE, I'M SORRY-- YOU NEED YOUR REST!

G'WAN, POP! SOCK 'IM!

DARLING, I'M HERE WITH THE MOVING MEN--THE ELEVATOR'S BROKE DOWN-- THEY HAVE TO HELP!

D--! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

DEARIE-- PUL-LEEZE-- SUCH LANGUAGE! IT'S VERY EMBARRASSING FOR ME!

WAIT'LL HE GETS HIS BILL! WE'RE GETTIN' PAID BY THE HOUR--AN' THIS IS SIX FLIGHTS!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE HERE FOR AWHILE BILL,--GET OUT YOUR MOUTH ORGAN!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT,--I LEFT THE FORMER TENANT IN THERE-- GET THE JANITOR DEARIE--HE HAS A PASS-KEY!

WHAT'S THE IDEA? WE'VE BEEN RINGIN' THE--

BOO HOO!-- I'VE BEEN ON THE PHONE! I'VE GOT BAD NEWS I'VE BEEN REJECTED BECAUSE OF FLAT FEET!

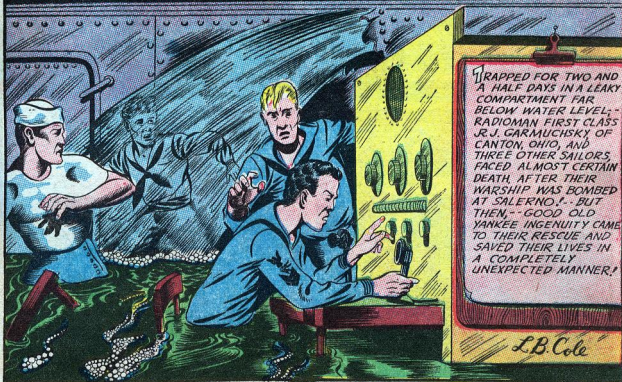
I WANT MY APARTMENT BACK!--YOU WOULDN'T TURN ME OUT ?? WE'LL ALL BUNK TO-GETHER 'TILL YOU GET SOMETHING!!

OH, WELL--IT'S A CHANGE ANYWAY!

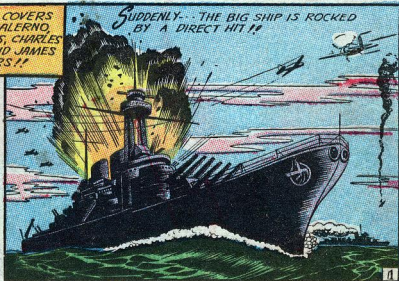
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# True PERSONAL ADVENTURE...

*"Ingenuity Unlimited"*



AS THEIR MIGHTY MAN OF WAR COVERS THE SURPRISE LANDINGS AT SALERNO, GARMUCHSKY, AND HIS COMRADES, CHARLES J. CLARK, JR., JOSEPH COATE, AND JAMES H. LOWE, STAND BY FOR ORDERS!!





DOWN BELOW, A POWERFUL CASCADE OF WATER, AND OIL BULGES THE DOOR OF THE COMPARTMENT !!

HOLY MACKEREL, GARMUCHSKY-LOOK!! WE'D BETTER CLEAR OUT OF HERE !!

TAKE IT EASY COATE -- I'M TRYIN' TO GET ORDERS FROM THE BRIDGE -- BUT THERE'S NO ANSWER!



HAVE YOU GOT 'EM YET GARMIE?

WAIT A MINUTE! THEY JUST ANSWERED!!



YOU AND YOUR MEN GET OUT OF THAT COMPARTMENT, ---AND QUICK!!



STRAINING, -- THE MEN ATTEMPT TO PULL OPEN THE DOOR---

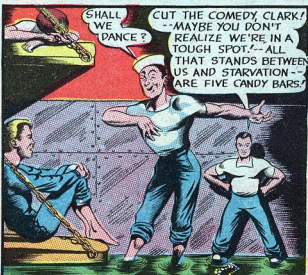
IT'S NO USE GARMIE, --IT WON'T BUDGE!!

O.K. MEN, --WE'LL HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE



SHALL WE DANCE?

CUT THE COMEDY, CLARK! --MAYBE YOU DON'T REALIZE WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT!--ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN US AND STARVATION-- ARE FIVE CANDY BARS!



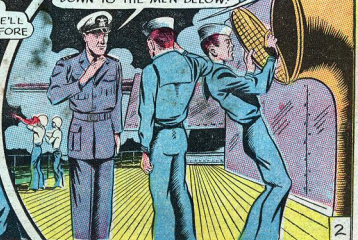
THEY TRIED TO GET TO US, --BUT NO LUCK! THE SHIPS HEADING FOR A BRITISH PORT!!

A LOT OF GOOD THAT'LL DO US! WE'LL STARVE TO DEATH BEFORE THEN!!



-- WHEN YOU GET THAT VENT OFF, DROP SOME FOOD DOWN TO THE MEN BELOW!

AYE! AYE! SIR!



# SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

--DID YOU GET THE FOOD,  
O.K., GARMUCHSKY??



-- THE ONLY THING WE'RE  
GETTING DOWN HERE SIR,  
--IS WATER, --AND MORE  
WATER!!



# THE FOLLOWING MORNING--

I TELL YOU-- WE'VE  
GOT TO GET SOME  
FOOD DOWN TO  
THOSE MEN!



--BUT THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE, SIR!  
THE ONLY MEANS OF  
REACHING THEM IS  
THROUGH THE VENT!- AND  
THAT'S SO WINDING, WE CAN'T GET  
ANYTHING TO THE  
BOTTOM!

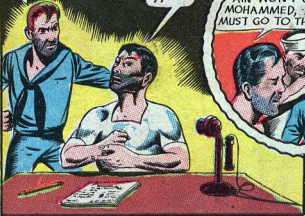
-- BOY, -- WHAT I'D GIVE FOR  
A HOT CUP OF JAVA!



ME- WELL, I'D  
RATHER HAVE A  
PAIR OF RUBBERS!

-- SAY GARMIE, --  
CAN'T YOU THINK  
OF SOME WAY TO  
GET US FOOD?

GOLLY, LOWES,  
I WISH I COULD,  
I-- JEEPERS--  
I THINK I HAVE  
IT--



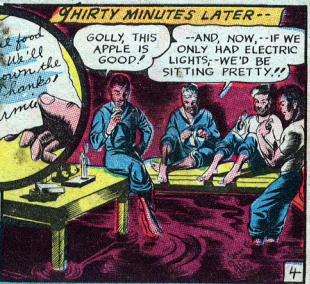
YOU FELLOWS  
HAVE HEARD THAT  
SAYING, --"IF THE MOUNT-  
AIN WON'T COME TO  
MOHAMMED, --MOHAMMED  
MUST GO TO THE MOUNTAIN"--



LET ME HAVE SOME STRING, AND A  
PIECE OF PAPER, AND YOU'LL SEE  
WHETHER I'M CRAZY OR NOT!!









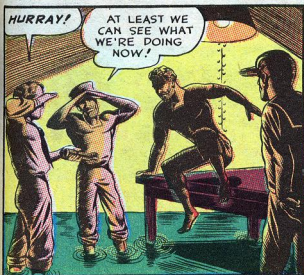
I WAS THINKING ABOUT THAT VERY THING CLARK, --IF YOU'LL HOLD THIS FLASH, MAYBE I CAN HOOK UP THE LIGHTS!

THE GUY HAS SUPERNATURAL POWERS



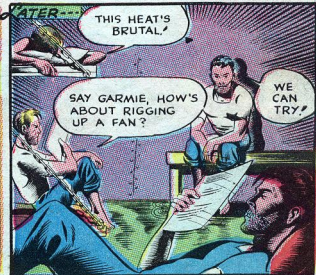
I THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, --SWITCH ON THE LIGHT LOWES!

SURE THING!



HURRAY!

AT LEAST WE CAN SEE WHAT WE'RE DOING NOW!



LATER--- THIS HEAT'S BRUTAL!

SAY GARMIE, HOW'S ABOUT RIGGING UP A FAN?

WE CAN TRY!

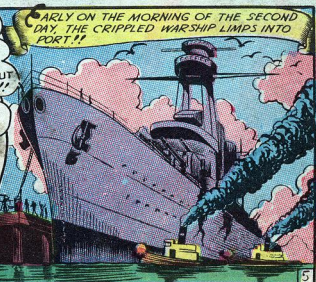


A LITTLE LATER-- THIS IS REAL COZY NOW!-- WE'VE GOT ALL THE CONVENIENCES OF HOME!-- FOOD, LIGHTS, A FAN, AND---

EVEN RUNNING WATER!

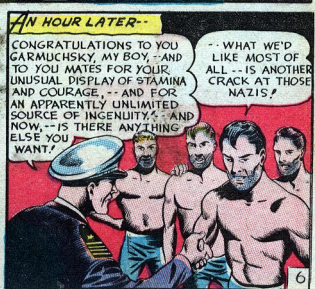
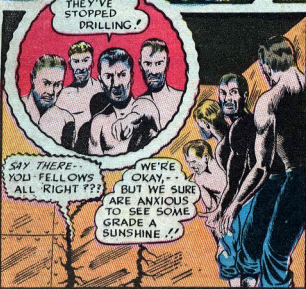
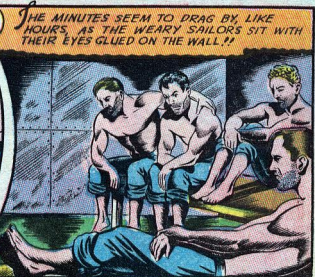
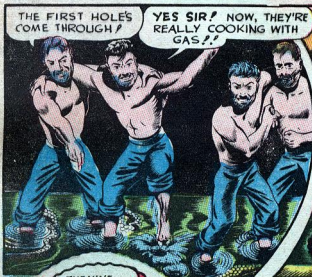
JUST THE SAME I'LL BE GLAD TO GET OUT OF HERE!!

YOU TOOK THE WORDS OUT OF MY MOUTH!



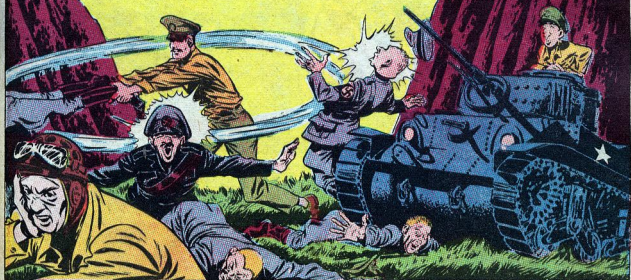
EARLY ON THE MORNING OF THE SECOND DAY, THE CRIPPLED WARSHIP LIMPS INTO PORT!!



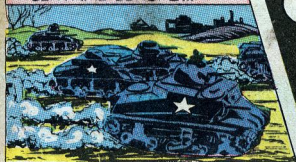


# BUCK 'N BRONCHO

AS THE MIGHTY ALLIED INVASION SWEEPS THROUGH HITLER'S EUROPE, WE FIND OUR TWO VALIANT SONS OF THE CINEMA, BUCK JORDAN AND BRONCHO BOYD... ARE RIGHT IN THERE, PUNCHING AND PITCHING, AS THEY LEND THEIR TRAINED NEWSREEL EXPERIENCE TO PHOTOGRAPH AN ALLIED VICTORY...



AN ADVANCE COLUMN OF AMERICAN TANKS MOVES FORWARD SOMEWHERE IN CENTRAL EUROPE...



...AND IN THE FOREMOST TANK RIDES OUR TWO PICTURE SHOOTIN' PALS...  
**BUCK 'N BRONCHO!**

YEP, BUCK...WE  
ASKED FOR ACTION...  
AND WE GOT IT!

WHAT ACTION? SO  
FAR, WE'VE BEEN GOIN'  
FOR MILES... AND NOT  
A SOUL IN SIGHT...





YEAH... YOU'RE RIGHT... THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE **NEW JERSEY!**

AND HOW! WHY, THAT CLUMP OF TREES IS THE MOST PEACEFUL-LOOKING..

**BUT, BEHIND THAT FOREST GROVE...**

HERE THEY COME... I SEE TWO STUPID FACES ON THE LEAD TANK... WE'LL START OFF BY SHOOTING THEIR DUMBPKOFF HEADS OFF!



MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN THE STATES! WE...

**BUCK!!**  
LOOK OUT...  
**DUCK!!!**

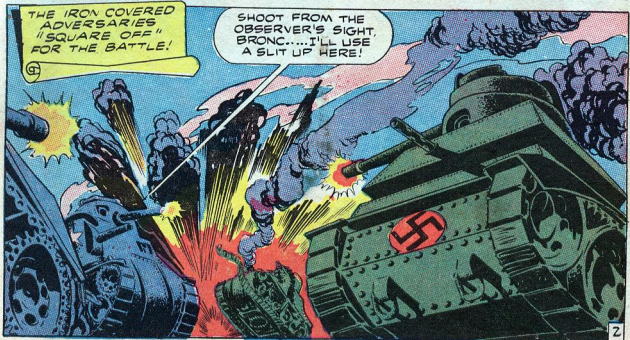
YOU WANTED ACTION...**HERE IT IS!!**

LET'S START SHOOTIN' THIS SHINDIG... BUT **WATCH OUT!**



THE IRON COVERED ADVERSARIES "SQUARE OFF" FOR THE BATTLE!

SHOOT FROM THE OBSERVER'S SIGHT, BRONC.....I'LL USE A SLIT UP HERE!



FOR MANY MINUTES, THE FURIOUS  
BATTLE RAGES...



AND IN THE TANK OF THE  
NAZI COMMANDER...

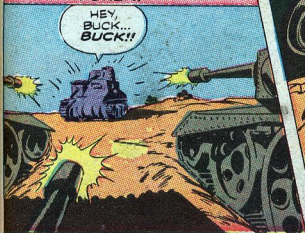
GET THAT LEAD TANK...  
I SEE A PHOTOGRAPHER  
IN THE OBSERVERS  
WINDOW... **MACH  
SCHNELL!!**

**JAWOHL...  
MIEN COM-  
MANDANT!**



BUT THE TANK CONTAINING BUCK  
IN BRONCHO COMES UNDER A  
WITHERING HAIL OF NAZI FIRE-  
POWER!

HEY,  
BUCK!!!  
BUCK!!



WOW!! WHAT A  
RECORD OF THIS  
BATTLE WE'RE  
MAKING!

YEAH... BUT DON'T  
STICK YOUR HEAD  
UP THERE!



OUTNUMBERED BY A SUPERIOR ENEMY  
FORCE, THE YANK TANK COMMANDER  
QUICKLY GIVES ORDERS TO HIS UNIT...

TURN AROUND... LET'S GO BACK... NO  
SENSE IN US ALL GETTING KILLED...  
OUR RE-INFORCEMENTS WILL TAKE  
CARE OF THESE BABIES... COME  
ON... **LET'S GO!!**



BUCK... THE DRIVER  
AND THE OBSERVER  
ARE BOTH SHOT! THE  
TANK'S RUNNING  
WILD!





QUICKLY, THE AMERICAN TANKS  
RETREAT... TO JOIN THE ADVANCING  
COLUMNS, SEVERAL MILES AWAY...

GRAB THE CONTROLS,  
BRONC... THESE NAZIS  
ARE CLOSING IN ON  
US... QUICK!

I'VE DRIVEN  
EVERYTHING  
EXCEPT A TANK!  
HERE GOES...

BRONC... **BRONC!** LOOK  
OUT WHERE YOU'RE GOING!  
WE'RE GOING THE  
WRONG WAY!

DON'T CHASE THE OTHERS!  
FOLLOW THAT FIRST ONE...  
THEY'RE IN TROUBLE...  
CAPTURE IT AT ALL  
COSTS!

SUDDENLY THE GUNNER IN BUCK 'N  
BRONC'S TANK SLUMPS FORWARD...

OH-OH... THEY GOT  
THIS GUY! WE'RE SURE  
IN A MESS NOW!

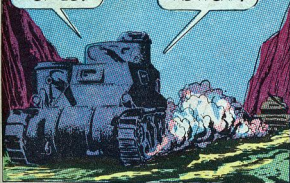
THROUGH HIS PERISCOPE, BRONC  
SPOTS AN OPEN HIGHWAY... AND IN  
HIGH GEAR, TURNS HIS TANK IN  
THAT DIRECTION...

I DON'T KNOW WHERE  
WE'RE GOING... BUT WE  
SURE AIN'T ALONE!

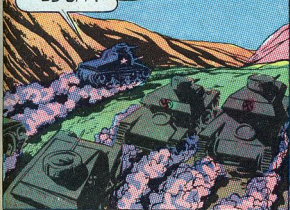
AND THEN, A FURIOUS CHASE BEGINS,  
OVER THE OPEN HIGHWAY...

HURRY UP  
BRONC.....THEY'RE  
GAINING  
ON US!

I'M TRYING TO  
MAKE THIS JALOPIE  
GO AS FAST  
AS IT CAN!



FASTER, BRONC ...  
THEY'RE HEADING  
US OFF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YOU ARE OUR  
PRISONERS...HAND  
OVER THOSE  
CAMERAS!

TAKE 'EM  
FROM US,  
HEINIE!



CUT ACROSS...CUT ACROSS  
THE FIELD AND HEAD THEM  
OFF...I WANT THEIR  
CAMERAS!



SOON, THE EXPERIENCED NAZI TANKMEN  
SUCCEED IN BLOCKING THE ROAD IN FRONT  
OF OUR AMATEUR TANK OPERATORS...

IT'S NO USE, BUCK...  
WE'VE GOT TO STOP,  
OR CRASH INTO THEM!



OH...THE AMERICAN  
WOULD BE DROLL, EH?







JUST LIKE A NAZI...  
TO HIT A GUY WHEN  
HE CAN'T HIT BACK!

UF!



AMERIKANER DOGS!  
I SHALL PERSONALLY  
KILL YOU MYSELF  
FOR THAT!!



BUT SUDDENLY...

MEIN COMMANDANT!  
AMERIKANER TANKS  
APPROACHING!



BATTLE POSITIONS...  
QUICK! BIND THESE  
TWO PRISONERS... I'LL  
ATTEND TO THEM LATER!

YEAH?

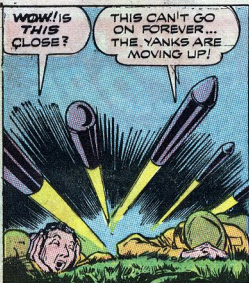
WITH FULL FIGHTING FURY, BUCK 'N  
BRONCHO LASH OUT AT THEIR NAZI  
CAPTORS...



...AND MAKE FOR THE SHELTER OF  
A CLUMP OF TREES!

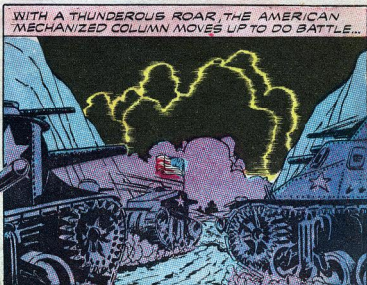


FALL DOWN!  
FLAT ON  
YOUR FACE!!



WOW!! IS  
THIS  
CLOSE?

THIS CAN'T GO  
ON FOREVER...  
THE YANKS ARE  
MOVING UP!



WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR, THE AMERICAN  
MECHANIZED COLUMN MOVES UP TO DO BATTLE...

AND FROM A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY,  
BUCK 'N BRONCHO RECORD THIS  
FIERY BATTLE ON CELLULOID---



THIS IS IT,  
EH, BUCK?

WAIT!! THE NEWS-  
REELS GET A LOAD  
OF THESE FILMS!

UNDER THE TERRIFIC FIRE-POWER  
OF THE YANKS, THE NAZIS ARE FORCED  
TO FLEE...



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, OUR  
TWO LUCKY LENSESMEN RUSH  
FORWARD WITH WHOOPS OF JOY!



YAHOO!! THAT'S  
GIVIN' IT TO  
'EM, PAL!

WHAT A  
SHELLACKIN'  
YOU GAVE 'EM!!

ARE YOU TWO  
GUYS CRAZY?  
GET IN THIS TANK,  
BEFORE YOU GET  
SHOT FULL OF  
HOLES!



OKAY!  
BE  
RIGHT  
WITH  
YOU!

D'YA KNOW  
OF ANY  
MORE  
BATTLES?  
WE'RE IN A  
SHOOTIN'  
FRAME OF  
MIND!

ANOTHER  
PUNCH-  
PACKED  
ADVENTURE,  
STARRING  
"BUCK  
'N  
BRONCHO"  
APPEARS  
IN THE  
NEXT  
ISSUE  
OF  
TERRIFIC  
COMICS



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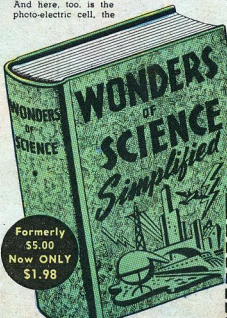
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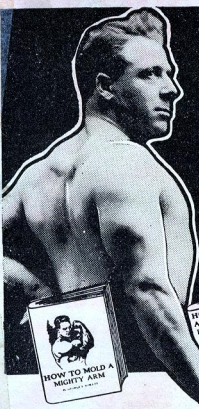


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- 2 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK.** Look at George F. Jowett pictured above. Note the big spread and tapering waist. Let him help you build a back of power, square trim shoulders with the enviable military spread.
- 3 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST.** Tells you how to make your chest a real power house of vital energy—with straps of muscles to protect your heart and lungs. If you have a narrow, sunken chest, bare ribs, sparrow or chicken chest, he will show you how to improve it so that you will be proud to show it off!
- 4 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP.** A complete course that will show how you can get a grip of steel! What would you give for a forearm with a bone crushing grip? Wrists thickened with live sinewy cables? Fingers strong as steel pliers. A hand like an iron vise—yet sensitive.
- 5 HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS.** Now you can have the all around he-man strength and good looks of the pupils shown on this page. What Jowett has done for them and thousands of others, he can do for you. He increased his thighs by 8 inches, his calves by 5 inches by this simple, unobtainable method. He will help you build legs with tireless power!

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## READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



**A. PASSAMONT**  
Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



**REX FERRIS**  
Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. "I use everything Jowett has to offer."



# WIN YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 40 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$4.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.



## Blue Bird COOKING SET



Will make you proud of your kitchen. Entire set given for selling only 40 pkts. seeds at 10c a packet.

## One Pair Racing HOMER PIGEONS

It's fun to raise, train and handle Racing Homer Pigeons. A pair of these birds gives a selling order of seeds. Sent Ex. Collect.



## DRILL GUN



OH BOY! What a prize. Complete with ammunition and official "Manual of Arms". Start your own drill squad. All given as one Premium for selling only 1 order of seeds.

Everyone who plants a garden helps and helps greatly to solve the problem of the feeding of the many needy nations of the world.

## CANDID-TYPE CAMERA

Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY



Get this military-like outfit for your very own, officers belt, cap and automatic type pistol and holster. Given for selling only one order of seeds 40 pkts at 10c a packet. SEND IN YOUR ORDER TODAY.

## Basket Ball GIVEN TO YOU



What a Pet! You will love it. Canary and Cage both given for selling only two orders of seeds at 10 cts. a packet. Sent Ex. Collect

## ONE PAIR RABBITS

The raising of rabbits for the market is a fascinating business. We offer and guarantee safe arrival One Pair of Rabbits for selling only two orders. Rabbits sent Ex. Collect



SEND NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU.



37th Year

Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 430, Paradise, Pa.

When you send me 40 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10c a packet, for a fine Gift, I will send you seeds in 30 days, right along with Seeds "Bag of Tricks" shown above.

Attaching this Coupon